



A N
A N S W E R
T O
Old Doctor Wild's New Poem,
T O H I S
O L D F R I E N D,
U P O N T H E
N E W P A R L I A M E N T.

By *Grand-Syre Gray-beard*, the Younger.

THus 'tis to stand Condemn'd by rigorous Fate
To the vile *Plague* of a *Poetick Pate* :
The *Itch* of *Rhyming* where it once does seize,
Becomes a more *Incurable Disease*
Than *Pox* or *Scurvey* : Harder 'tis to rout
WILD's *Scribling humour*, than to Charm his *Gout*.
An *Old Man's* twice a *Child*, I heard folks say,
But never *more*, than when he would seem *Gay*,
And does with *Jingling Hobby-horses* play :
When sprightly *Fancy's* gone, the *doting Bungler*
Mounts the brisk *Muse*, but proves an errant *Fumbler* ;
Gets only *Puling Verse*, languid and thin,
Not to be call'd a *Birch*, but *Souterkin*.
Sorry dull *Puns*, and *Nauseating Quibbles*,
Worse than old *Crab-i'th-wood*, or *Belman* *Scribbles*.

Just so *Sir Limber-ham* that scarce can crawl,
 Will on his *Venus*, and his *Cupids* call;
 And drains *Five hundred Pieces* from his Purse
 To keep a *Miss*, when more he wants a *Nurse*.
 But tell me *Reverend Songster*! was it fit
 Thy *Doctorship* should thus the *Pulpit* quit,
 To Revel in such *Babylonish Wit*?
 Thy very Friends when they thy Poem scan,
 Say only --- *He's a Towardly old Man*.
 Though thou forgett thy *Calling*, *Age*, *Degree*,
 This *Subject* sure should curb thy *Levity*
 To treat of *PARLIAMENTS* at such a rate,
 In *fulsom Metaphors* of *Billings-gate*,
 Before th' *August Illustrious Senate* come,
 And straight *turn up*, (sans shame,) thy *Aged Bum*
 Deserves a *Lash* from the *Black Rod* at least
 To make th' *Old Baby* smart for the lewd Jest,
 Amongst so many *Olds* as thou dost trace,
 'Tis strange the *Good Old Cause* obtain'd no place.
 Then *Poor Dissenter* bravely might *Ascend*
 Into a *Pulpit* from the *Tables end*,
 And *Hold forth* Godly Sonnets to his Friend.

We all are *joy'd* at present *Face of Things*,
 And thank both *Heav'n's kind Influence*, and the *Kings*;
Rome's Vultures, nor the *Gallick Cocks* we fear,
 Safe in our watchful *Eagles Royal Care*:
 Yet love not to *run mad*, and *Dance the Hay*,
 As *stung* (like thee) with a *Tarantula*:
 Who e're thy *greazie Tale of Pork* does view,
 Suspects thee for the *By-blow* of a *few*.
 Thy *Grandam* when she *burnt th' old Stock*, was cruel,
 Not *Bees* but *Wasps* deserve to be made *Fewel*:
 Good *Housewives* do not think her *Method safe*,
 To *Drive* is better than to *Burn* by half;

But these *Wild Sallies* do too plainly show,
 Thou dost but *Cackle* when thou thoughtst to *Crow*.
 Treating of Richest *Robes of State*, and *Ermin*,
 Thou just like some *Pot-Poets* Cozen German
 Bethinkst thee of th'own *thred-bare Cloaths & Vermin*.
 Then cry'st to *Longlane with them-New put on*;
 Sweet Sir! 'tis *timely* thought of, may't be done.
 But best make haste ere *Ketches Wardrobe's* gone.
 Thinkst thou (*WILD* as thou art!) such *Language* meet
 T'approach the Sovereign *Legislative Seat*?
 Pardon *Great Senate!* that his Phrensy drew
 Me to the *Rudeness* here of naming You.
 The *haughtiest Subjects* tremble when they come
 To Your *Just Barr*, and dread th' *Impartial Doom*.
 Fair Copy of Heavens Policy! the same
Idea that rules the *Universal Frame*,
 VWhere *Nobles*, as the *Fixed Stars* do shine
 In Honours Firmament; And Rays Divine
 From *Reverend Fathers* of the Church are spread,
 To strike both *Schism* and *Superstition* dead.
 Next, *Sages of the Law*, as *Planets* trace
 Their *Circuits*, to enliven in each place
 Those needful *ACTS* which here are fram'd, and deal
 Distributive *Justice* for the Publick weal.
 Then *COMMONS* as full *Constellations*, joyn,
 And their *Wise Councils* solemnly Combine,
 VVhilst *Sacred Majesty* incircled round
 VWith Native Glory, as the *Sun*, is found
 Beaming his *Acts of Grace* so free and bright,
 That all from *Him* borrow both *Heat* and *Light*.
Healing Assembly! whensoe're you meet,
 The Peoples *Choice*, and the *KINGS Wishes* greet:
 Their *Liberties*, His *Honour*, You mantain,
 O let them ne'r be *Differenc'd* again!

In his own *proper Orb* let each *Star* move,
 Not jostling those *Below*, nor them *Above*.
 Let no *False Fires* their *dazling Beams* display,
 Nor *upstart Meteors* interrupt your way :
 All Your *Debates* let *Moderation* Calm,
 And Your *Results* become the Nations *Balm*.
 Those *little Foxes* that the Land Defile,
 And seek our *Vine* and *Tender Grapes* to spoil,
 Unkennel them; and let *ROMES Conclave* see,
 In vain they *PLOT*, whilst You our *Guardians* be.
 May *Heaven* all Your *Consultations* Bless,
 And all *Good Men* pray for your wisht Success.

*But our Old Buisie Rhymer we shall lose,
 Who Hawks and Kites, and blind Buzzards pursues,
 Until at last like a Bewildred Folt-head,
 His Muse has all her Borrowed Feathers moulted.
 Age makes all stoop---How fast the Man descends?
 Commences Doctor, and Poor Robin, Ends.*

F I N I S.

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